



GREENSBOROUGH, N. C.

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CONGRESS.

We omit our summary of Congressional

proceedings this week, because nothing of

particular interest has been done, except

the continued debate about Walker. The

question is yet unsettled, and will, no

doubt, give room for many more speeches.

Upon the whole, it may be well. A change

is sometimes profitable of good; and a

change from the negro to Walker may be

a fortunate one. But as excitement is the

breath of politicians, we, perhaps, had as

well let them have their way, as to remove

the cause, will as effectually kill them, as

hanging would kill any other man.

To give an idea of the conflicting opin-

ions in reference to Walker's arrest, one

Senator a few days since moved a Gold

Medal to Com. Paulding, while another

moved to amend by a vote of censure.

For further items from Washington, we

refer to the letter of our Washington

Correspondent.

CHARLES LAMB:—We feel it is al-

most unnecessary to call the reader's at-

tention to the review of our esteemed

correspondent, Geo. W. Cochran, found on

the second page; as his "Notes on Litera-

ture," given in previous numbers of the

Times, have met with that favor, that

will make his name a sufficient endorse-

ment to any article. The Note published

this week is equal, if not superior to any

of the preceding.

NEW SUBSCRIBERS:—We are glad the

interest seems to be increasing and spread-

ing for a good Southern Literary and Fam-

ily paper; to supply the wants of the

South, and published in the South. We

find from the numerous letters received,

that the greatest difficulty in the way of

universal circulation in all parts of the

Southern States, is the fact that the ex-

istence of such a paper as the Times is not

known. Wherever it is heard of, or the

prospects read, letters are immediately

OUR VIGNETTE.

If studied properly, our pictured head

will read much more than first realized by

a casual observer. Unless analyzed, it con-

veys the appearance of being crowded, or con-

fusion; and we have thought it might add

additional attractiveness, to give it an or-

gan of speech; to express in words what

it expresses emblematically.

In America more especially than in any

other land, is the pen free, and thought

untrammeled. The first lesson engraved

upon the tablet of the infant's mind is—

"All men are born free and equal."

There is a mightier power in "free

thought" than monarch's iron chain has

yet been able to bind, be it moulded ever

so strong. The guardian of a free people

is a free press. The Eagle, whose native

element is the wilds of American forests, is

emblematic of Liberty; and her guar-

dian wings are stretched from ocean shore

to mountain peak, whilst her vigilant eyes

scan every interest of her faithful votaries.

Under the shadow of her wings the earth

brings forth its rich fruits and the white

sails of commerce are spread.

To be more particular, the middle fig-

ure, with an open book and an iron pen,

represents Literature. The pen of History

records the experience of dead nations

as a guiding light to our feet; for 'we know

no way of judging the future, but by the

past.' Truth, like the ploughshare,

the brighter grows the freer it is handled;

but in monarchies, the powers that be

chew the thoughts for the digestion of the

subjects. Neither religion nor civilization

can advance, when the pen falls from the

hand, palsied by the chill of an iron hand.

On the right and the left of this central

figure is represented Science and Art—

These in the advancing of civilization,

claim equal guardianship of the rights of

liberty. And in their turn confer

glories invaluable. Science! Art! What

varied interests they nurture! At their

bidding, the clouds blossom and the im-

measurable sea is made a "highway."

Still to the right, with his globe, his

folios, his compass, his scroll and his pen,

sits the Philosopher and the Scholar. By

him has the earth been measured and the

stars of heaven numbered. Education is

a primary and essential element of use-

fulness and an especial heir of freedom.

Its true value is being more fully ap-

preciated every day. The doctrine that only

the professional rightfully claimed its aid

is becoming obsolete and the rural cottager

is contending equally for its benefits.

Again, to the left, the horn of plenty,

Cornucopia—is emptying its bounties at

our feet; whilst the sailor, holding in one

hand the pipe of peace, and in the other

a mast, composedly looks upon the ex-

pansive waters, as the stately vessels ride

the swelling waves. The pipe and mast

enforce the lesson of inspiration; whose

spirit is to hold commerce with all men

in peace and unity.

The bales of Cotton, and the barrels of

Sugar, Turpentine and Molasses of the

one end, with the Pine, the Palmetto and

flowery Shrubbery of the other; together

with the sea shore, and the mountains of

the interior, will all confine the scene to

the Southern States.

Our interpretation has occupied much

more space than we at first had expected,

but it will be perceived, the points have

merely been touched, leaving much more

than has been written for the study and

the development of the reader.

In this extended field, the Times aspires

for a position as an humble laborer.

Its design is to aid in developing and

advancing all these interests. Our land is

one, though composed of these many ele-

ments; and to work successfully for her

prosperity, requires an eye to each inter-

est. First be firm and independent. Be

tied to the arbitrary sway of no party,

sect, or order; but labor for the good and

the rights of every body. Open the well

Leisure Readings;

A few of the best things

WE FIND IN

Books, Reviews, Magazines, and Papers.

In the new work by Mrs. Sigourney,

Lucy Howard's Journal, is the following

pretty legend of—

Right and Left Angel.

A beautiful legend of the Turks our

Preceptor told us in one of his pleasant

talks, where we always get instruction.

He indulges us in them when the business

of the day is over, if we have pleased him

by our conduct.

Every man, say they, is attended by

two angels, one on his right hand, the

other on his left. When he does a good

action, the angel looking over the right

shoulder smiles on him, writes it down,

and seals it with rose-colored wax. When

he commits a fault, the angel on the left

writes it down, but does not seal it. He

lingers with a sorrowful face. He waits

until sunset; then, if the man repents—

if he says, "O Allah! I have done wrong,"

and gives alms to the poor, the angel

washes out the writing with perfumed

water, and presses on his forehead the

kiss of peace.

But if he does not repent—if the day-

light fades away and the darkness comes,

and he has not prayed Allah to pardon

him, nor given bread to the hungry, or

water to the thirsty, or garments to the

naked, the record is sealed up for the

judgment.

I am sure we Christians might be made

better, if we would, by this Moslem moral.

In another part of the Journal, after

narrating a discussion with the school-

girls "about how far back we can remem-

ber," we find a beautiful description of—

The Eclipse of the Sun in 1860.

Of one thing, however, I am sure, and

that is a clear remembrance of the great

total eclipse of the sun when I was six

years, five months, and sixteen days old.

It took place on Monday morning, June

17th, 1860. The washer-woman, at her

tub in the kitchen, was rather cross be-

cause I wanted to smoke pieces of glass at

her fire.

"Miss Lucy, you're a gettin in my

way every minute. My clothes is on a

billin, as you see, and it's ten o'clock, and

I can't be hindered so."

"Please just let me smoke this last

piece a little more, to look at the eclipse

with."

"Clips! What a fuss starin arter

'clips! I've seen 'em ever since I was as

high as a hen."

But my controversy soon ceased, for

the wonderful sight began. The moon

moved slowly before the face of her mas-

ter, and, as she proceeded, the trees and

grass assumed a melancholy hue. A ring

of brightness was preserved, but growing

narrower and narrower, until the usurping

satellite wholly covered the great, blessed

sun. Then the earth looked dismal, and

the birds hushed their song; the herds

left off grazing, and stood in solemn si-

lence; my chickens flew upon their roost;

the summer air grew chill, and a strange

vapor floated over the ground. Here and

there might be seen a pale, frightened

looking star, as if it knew it had no busi-

ness there.

"Oh, how sad, it seemed, and yet sub-

lime! But the parent sun smiled the

earth, and suddenly broke forth, mo-

thered much faster than he disappeared.

Madam Moon fell into her right place

again, and took the stars with her. All

Nature rejoiced at the recovered noon-day

Astronomers say that such an eclipse will

not take place again for many hundred

years.

The best historian of the Revolution is

he who writes the *spirit* of the particu-

lars. Many were excellent in the brilliant

display and decisive battles, but none

equal the true, patriotic spirit of the sup-

posed rebels. Hence the simple narra-

As a people we are becoming too utilitarian.

Nothing but glittering gold kindles

a spark in our eyes. We seem to forget

that an immortal principle dwells with-

in us; one that is to live hereafter, and

whose happiness depends upon the cul-

ture of the present life. Whatever there-

fore, expands the soul, gives it avenues of

pleasure, should be sought after. One of

the most successful agencies is to

Encourage the Beautiful.

All beauty is ideal. True, we perceive

it through the medium of our senses. We

breathe it from flowers, hear it in music,

behold it with the eye, but it is intangible.

It enters our being through the avenues

of sense; but it is a spiritual guest that

passes these portals to enter our souls. We

cannot eat it in a dish of oysters, nor

drink it in a glass of sparkling Catawba.

It ministers only to our spirits; but what

divine life it gives them—feeding them

upon the manna and dew of immortality,

so that they know, by reason of having

tasted it, that they shall not die!



GREENSBOROUGH, N. C.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.
LINES
Respectfully inscribed to Edith.

BY MISS BENJAMIN SMITH.

Long years have come and gone, fair one,
Since I sat by thy side;
And in youth dream'd and hoped thy life,
As then, to calmly glide.
Alas! yet, long years have come and gone,
Since I thy face have seen;
And I live's cares have sadly learned,
Since we have parted here.

Since last thy life hand I pressed,
Earth's cares have damp'd my soul;
And youth's sweet halcyon days have fled,
While troubles o'er me roll;
Yet, 'mid all life's cares I have never
Thy lovely form forgot;
That noble brow, those soul-lit eyes—
Forget them I cannot.

And that vow of lasting friendship,
Which we have spoken;
As 'tis now, let it ever be—
Pure, firm and unbroken;
As we move down life's dreary path,
I'll often think of thee;
And think that I am highly blest,
If thou wilt think of me.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.
Fifty-seven and Fifty-eight.
BY BLANCHE CAMERON.

Twelve o'clock, the deep still hour of
midnight! Its fleeting moments have borne
away the last low, fluttering breath of the
old year. He came, wrapped in a gar-
ment of spotless purity, falling in snowy
flashes on the frozen bosom and leafless
children of fifty-six.
He distributed his spring-time flowers,
summer roses, autumn fruits, and water
lilies, with generous hand, and among
the days and months braided the tears and
sighs of many aching hearts. "Hard
Times," has been the war-cry between
poverty and wealth. The widow's meal
and oil have failed—the orphan has been
dolefully bereaved, for the kind hand of
Charity has been hid by the cloak of Ne-
cessity; and his piteous cry for bread has
been the only requiem of the dead mother
and starving little ones. The weary seam-
stress has stitched and stitched until mor-
ning streaked the eastern sky; and yet her
form grew lean and thin and shadowy;
for life could not be sustained by stitches,
and money alas! was not, and could not be
had.

While the hovels of the poor groaned in
misery and wretchedness, the halls of the
rich kept festive hours, and merry feet fol-
lowed the mazes of the giddy dance, and
happy hearts, throbbing in ecstasy. Orange
blossoms have wreathed the locks of the
blushing bride. A cyprus drooped above
the brow of the early dead. The young
husband has measured his days by his
strength, and the joy of his heart, both
have gone out, and left him in desolate
darkness. Mothers have watched the light
fade from little eyes, and clasped waxen
hands over pure hearts that had ceased
to throb on earth. Vacant benches brought
lonely hours, lonely hours, and hearts—sad
hearts, drooping forms until life fled and
the stricken soul found its rest in the Pa-
radise of God.

Eighteen and fifty-seven is no more!
Whatever of joy or sorrow, realization of
disappointment—honors or dishonors, wealth
or poverty—life or death he brought, has
gone with him, and come we now to the
Present. Fifty-eight, what hast thou for
us in the veiled and shadowy future?
Were it meet for mortal eyes to see and
know the secrets of thy secret temple,
these brave hearts would quake with fear.
Thou, too, hast the bridal hall and festal
chamber, the victor's wreath and conquer-
or's crown; the nation's glory and the
country's honor, the Church's good and
the Christian's triumph. May God pre-
side in our legislative halls! His Son
save us from impure and unholy rulers!
His Spirit dwell in the hearts of the peo-
ple! But thou hast other things; sighs,
tears, breaking hearts, fading hopes, blighted
lives, dying souls. Behold the light and
shadow of death! Many shall pass
through it to the portals of eternal glory,
the city of the New Jerusalem—the man-
sion above, the rest of God's people. And
others—take thy flight fancy, nor paint the
abode and horrors of those who remember
not their Creator, nor cease to work un-
righteousness. Great God, keep this na-
tion—make this people pure and union-
loving. Spread Thy wings of mercy
from the sands of the Atlantic to the shores
of the Pacific; and may the ten thousands
of prayers that go up from the home altars
of this mighty republic, rise, like a sweet
incense before Thy throne, accepted and
blessed by Thee!

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.
JANUARY FORTH, 1890 & 58.

Mistur Edith, I want say I nose
much about rittin fur a nosepepper, but
I thort you'd like to no sumthin bout me
and my interstine family—fur, you see
nobody doesn't no anything bout us, and
unlucky we got pitted in the nosepepper,
wee will live and die, as the pote says;
"Unknown, undiskivered and non compus
mentus."

As fur myself, I'm a farmer on a small
skale, hev an aker of ground where I
grow insens, and kabbages, and whare
my pony gits his livin. He's not very
fat, my pony is n't—yoo could n't see
more'n fifteen of his ribs—but he's a
smasher fur trottin, he is. He kin keep
haf a mile ahead of his own shadder when
he gits agoin, I kin tell yoo. My darter
Sat, she rides him like an Oukinor or
Amerson, or whatever its called—without
saddle or bridel, only a rope. Sat's a
buty, I promus yoo—she's my only darter,
is nigh six feet tall and ways too hundred.
Kin nok a man down with her fist—did
it won day when neybor-Jones tried to
go kisten of her. He looks doofish blak
at her ever sense.

My little boy, Tommy's a wonderfool
child. He's only six-years old and kin
say all his letters, and besides nose most
as much as his daddie. It wood astonish
yoo to heer him spout actor's talk, wich

Dick Jones leant him. It's butfool to
heer him in the words of Dickens:
"Now is the Winter of our discontent
Maid Summer by York's little boy,"
and also in the words of Scott:
"Toby or not Toby—that is the question."
And a grate dole more I don't remem-
ber. But I'll stop now. Mr. Edithur,
kuse I kant rite yoo enuff fur a nosepep-
per, and I'm tryin yoo pashance, as the
Tom kat said when he klawed the mouse.
So, good by till next time!
JOHN SMITH.

THE SPHYNX.—Near the Pyramids,
more wondrous and more awful than all
else in the land of Egypt, there sits the
lonely Sphinx. Surely the creature is
not the comeliness of this world;
the once worshipped beast is a deformity,
and a monster to this generation, and yet
you can see that those lips, so thick and
heavy, were fashioned according to some
ancient mould of beauty—some mould of
beauty now forgotten—forgotten, because
that Greece drew forth Cythera from the
flashing foam of the Aegean, and in her
image created new forms of beauty, and
made it a law among men that the short
and proudly wreathed lip should stand for
the sign and the main condition of lov-
eliness, through all generations to come.
Yet still there lives on the race of those
who were beautiful in the fashion of the
elder world; and Christian girls of Coptic
blood will look on a sad serious gaze,
and kiss your charitable hand with the
big pouting lips of the very Sphinx.

Laugh and mock if you will at the wor-
ship of stone idols, but mark ye this, ye
breakers of images, that in one regard,
the stone idol bears an awful semblance
of Deity—unchangeableness in the midst
of change—the same seeming will and in-
tent forever and ever inexorable! Upon
ancient dynasties of Ethiopian and Egyp-
tian Kings—upon Greek and Roman, up-
on Arab and Ottoman conquerors—upon
Napoleon dreaming of an Eastern empire
—upon battle and pestilence—upon the
ceaseless misery of the Egyptian race—
upon keen-eyed travellers—Herodotus
yesterday, and Warburton to-day—upon
all, and more, this unworshiped Sphinx
has watched, and watched like a Providence
with the same earnest eyes, and the same
sad, tranquil mien. And we, we shall
die, and Islam will wither away; and the
Englishman, leaping far over to hold his
loved India, will plant a firm foot on the
banks of the Nile, and sit in the seats of
the faithful; and still that sleepless rock
will lie watching and watching the works
of the new, busy race, with those same
earnest eyes, and the same tranquil
mien everlasting. You dare not mock the
Sphinx.

**Electrical Machine of the Mis-
sissippi University.**
The Boston correspondent of the New
York Journal of Commerce, gives an in-
teresting account of the electrical machine
constructed specially for the Mississippi
University. The improvements in the
rubber, so highly recommended by this
writer, are due to President Barnard, of
the University, who, as a man of science,
stands second to none in the United States.
The liberal efforts being made by the
Trustees of this Institution, acting in con-
junction with the learned Faculty, will go far
to make it the bright particular star of the
South.

An electrical machine, by far the largest
in this country, and as large as any
in the world, has just been completed by
Mr. Edward S. Ritchie, the well-known
philosophical instrument-maker, of this
city. The machine was constructed for
the University of Mississippi, which, tho'
a youthful institution, is taking rank with
our first-class colleges. The University is
presided over by F. A. P. Barnard, LL.D.,
and there are twelve professors and tutors.
The latest catalogue gives a list of 21 law
students, and 243 undergraduates and in-
regulars. The students are almost exclu-
sively from Mississippi and the South-
west. The Institution is evidently taking
very high rank in the department of the
sciences. The catalogue thus alludes to
Mr. Ritchie's machine.

"It is probable that, with the opening
of the ensuing session, the electrical ap-
paratus of the University will be superior
to any similar collection in the U. States.
The principal electrical machine, now in
process of construction by Ritchie, has two
glass plates, six feet in diameter, and in
its dimensions will probably surpass any
in the world. Batteries of a mag-
nitude proportional to the power of the ma-
chine will also be prepared to accompany it."

"This promised work is done, and we
think those who have ordered it will be
more than pleased. The plates were im-
ported from Paris. The power of the in-
strument is greatly increased by Mr. R.'s
improvements in the rubber. The amal-
gam is spread upon a film of netted silk,
with a cushion of fine wool felt. The
basements are made of rosewood; and the
large conductor is on a separate basement,
so that it can be attached to either the
positive or negative balls. In many ex-
periments its use is not required. The
pillars are of cut glass, and were manu-
factured at the East Cambridge glass works.
Electrical phenomena, as seen through
this instrument, are extremely splendid.
The like has never been known on this
side the water. How would the heart of
the great Franklin rejoice, if he could re-
turn to his native city, and witness this
great triumph of natural philosophy! The
machine will be a chief lion of our city,
until its removal to the sunny South."

How to Educate.—Education is not
the putting a sharp weapon into a man's
hand, but training him to employ, for good
purposes, whatever weapons may come in
his way. Let the schoolmaster, when he
is abroad, step into the menagerie and
borrow thence the leading principles of his
art. We know better how to educate a
lion than a man. Education is to train a
man out of bad habits into good, and
reading or writing are useful or hurtful,
just as they aid, or hinder the accom-
plishment of this end.—Rev. W. Annot.

HAPPINESS.—Search after happiness.
If you cannot be happy in one way, be
happy in another; and this faculty of dis-
position wants but little aid from philoso-
phy, for health and good humor are almost
the whole affair. Many run about after
happiness, like an absentminded man
looking for his hat while it is on his head
or in his hand.

To Polish Furniture.—Take equal
parts of Linseed Oil, Whiskey and Spirits
Turpentine, bottle and shake well together.
Rub with a Flannel, well soaked in the
mixture; then with a dry Flannel, and for
Mahogany, then rub with an old silk handker-
chief.

USEFUL INFORMATION.

COLLECTED AND ARRANGED FOR THE "TIMES."
And inserted under the heading of "USEFUL INFORMATION" in the "TIMES" for the purpose of making it accessible to the public.

To Preserve Butter.
Housekeepers will find the following
remarks on treatment of butter very ser-
viceable, if they will take the pains to fol-
low the good advice:

Much has been said about the best
methods of treating butter to preserve it
sweet and from becoming rancid, under
ordinary circumstances. There is no dif-
ficulty at all in the matter; and yet the
quantity of inferior (bad butter) in pro-
portion to good butter which comes into mar-
ket, is immensely large. As all healthy,
well-fed country kine, produce good milk,
no bad butter should be found in our mar-
kets. It reflects unfavorably upon the
intelligence and thrift of our farmers that
such butter is offered for sale. Cleanli-
ness and care are two of the great secrets
for making good butter. Holland butter
has the highest reputation of any other;
this is simply attributed to the great clean-
liness of the people of that country, and
there are other conditions also necessary.
The dishes containing the milk should be
perfectly clean, and kept in a cool, dry,
and well-ventilated apartment, and the
milk or cream which is designed to be
clarified should never be suffered to be-
come very sour—to have the least odor of
putridity. It has been discovered that
butter made from sour cream is very liable
to become rancid, in comparison with that
made from sweet milk, or sweet cream.

It is, perhaps, owing to want of attention
on this head during warm weather, that so
much inferior butter is made. It requires
longer time to churn fresh than sour cream;
but the quality of the butter obtained will
pay for the use of horse power to churn,
even on a farm having more than five
cows. After the butter has come, it re-
quires careful manipulation, or working.
It makes it tough to work it over a great
deal, and the use of much water for wash-
ing takes away its fine flavor. The best
plan to treat butter is to submit it first to
severe pressure, by placing it in a cloth,
and squeezing it in a vessel containing a
perforated false bottom. This can be done
with a cheese press, if not, with a pounder
like that employed for clothes. After all
the milk is thus squeezed out, the butter
should be lifted and worked over carefully,
and afterwards receive one or two clean,
cool waters, to wash away every trace of
milk. It should then be salted with the
best salt, containing a minute quantity of
white sugar mixed with it, and last of all
it should again be submitted to severe
pressure. The great object in thus treat-
ing butter is to remove all the water and
milk from it because these induce incipient
decomposition and consequent rancidity.
By churning the cream before it becomes
too sour, and removing all the water and
milk from the butter, and by careful and
thorough salting and working, the best
quality will always be obtained.

**INFALLIBLE REMEDY FOR SCALDS AND
BURNS.**—Dr. Reece, with an experience of
more than thirty years, says, "if a few pounds
of wheat flour could be promptly applied
to the wounds made by fire, and repeated
until the inflammatory stage had passed,
not one case would prove fatal. We have
known the most extensive burns, by fall-
ing into caldrons of boiling oil, and even
molten copper, and yet the patients were
rescued by this simple and cheap remedy,
which, from its infallible success, should
supply all the fashionable nostrums,
whether oil, cotton, lead, water, ice, tur-
pentine, or pain-extractors, every one of
which has been tried a thousand times
with fatal results, and the victims have
died in excruciating agony, when a few
handfuls of flour would have calmed them
to sleep and restored them from pain and
death."

GALLS FROM HARNESS OR SADDLE.—
Major Long, in his written and valuable
account of his expedition to the Rocky
Mountains, says that his party found white
lead moistened with milk, to succeed bet-
ter than any thing else in preventing the
bad effects of galls on their horses' backs,
in their fatiguing march over the plains
that border the mountains. Its effect in
smoothing the irritated and inflamed sur-
face was admirable.—Amer. Farmer.

PORK.—When good, the rind is thin,
smooth, and cool to the touch; when chang-
ing, from being too long killed, it be-
comes flaccid and clammy. Enlarged
glands, called kernels, in the fat, are marks
of an ill-fed or diseased pig.

MOTHS (to get rid of them).—1. Pro-
cure shavings of cedar-wood, and enclose
in muslin bags, which should be distribu-
ted freely among the clothes.—2. Procure
shavings of camphor-wood, and enclose in
bags.—3. Sprinkle pimento (allspice) on
the clothes when they are laid out. Sprinkle
the clothes with the seeds of the musk plant
—5. To destroy the eggs when deposited
in woolen cloth, etc., use a solution of ac-
etate of potash in spirits of rosemary, fif-
teen grains to the pint.

PAINS IN THE HEAD AND FACE.—A
friend assures us that he was cured of a
severe attack of the dolorous by the fol-
lowing simple remedy:—Take half a pint
of rose water, and two teaspoonfuls of white
vinegar, to form a lotion. Apply it to the
part affected three or four times a day. It
requires fresh linen and lotion each ap-
plication; this will, in two or three days,
gradually take the pain away. The above
receipt I feel desirous of being made known
to the public, as I have before mentioned
the relief I have experienced, and others,
whose names I could give. The last re-
mark is our friend's own. We doubt the
cure of real dolorous by these means;
but in many cases of nervous pains the a-
bove would be useful, and may easily be
tried.

HOW TO MAKE MUFFINS.—A good
receipt for this season of the year. Try
it. Take one quart of flour, one table-
spoonful of brewer's yeast, one teaspoonful
of salt, and one egg; equal quantities of
milk and warm water, sufficient to make a
batter just thick enough not to run out of
the rings; set to rise over night, and bake
in rings with a hot oven. If desired, the
milk may be omitted; in which case two
eggs will be required.

Prosperity shines on different persons
much in the same way that the sun shines
on different objects. Some it hardens
like mud, whilst others it softens like wax.

Salad for the Solitary.

With much meat, fatness, and the like, the appetite
flames, the stomach yields to the stomach, and the
best food.

ARITHMETICAL QUES.—I am near
a river, and wish to know the distance
from the point where I stand, and for the
convenience I will call A, to a point (B)
on the opposite side of the river. I have
taken the following measurements: From
A, and in a line forming a right angle at
A, with the line connecting A and B, the
distance to C is 195 feet. On the line
connecting A and C, 190 feet from A is
D. From D, and forming a right angle
with the line connecting A and C, the dis-
tance is 10 feet to the line connecting C
and B. What is the distance from A to
B? Answer next week. MARCUS.

A young lady, fond of dancing, traverses
in the course of a single season, about four
hundred miles. (Query—Isn't it rather
down hill?)

"OLD BACHELORS."—Leafless trunk in
a garden of roses. Each dwelling is to
them a suggestion—each bird's nest a
standing admonition.

"GREAT ORIGINAL STORY."—A dark
frown overspread the handsome and courtly
features of Fernando, the rover. "Why,
why," he asked, brandishing his silver,
handed sword furiously around, "will you
not believe me my beautiful Maria de Ar-
gyle? By this good sword I do swear I
love thee—truly, passionately, love thee!
Thou shalt stand so coldly aloof from this
bosom which is bursting for thee? The
beautiful girl essayed to speak but
could not. "Ha!" exclaimed Fernando the
Rover, and a sardonic smile lit up his
face, "thou lo'st another?" "No," she
tremblingly yet with dignity, replied.
"Then why not come to this bosom?"
wildly repeated the Rover—"Because,"
she replied, drawing her self up to her
full height, "I'm afraid I'm a blower."

Swiss says that ladies' hoops are like
charity—they cover a multitude of sins.
What a villainous comparison. Every
Miss in creation sh-d have a bang at
the wicked wretch.

An Albany editor says that he did not
see the reason why his place was not wash-
ed away during the recent flood there,
unless because there was such a heavy
mortgage on it.

On a tombstone in the West is the com-
mon inscription, "Prepare to follow me,"
under which a wag has written:
"To follow you, I'll not consent
Until I know which way you went."

VISITING PATIENTS.—It was told, as a
good-natured joke, of an old doctor, that
being on a visit to a village where he had
spent the earlier part of his life in prac-
tice, he one morning before breakfast went
into a churchyard near the house where
he was stopping. Breakfast being placed
upon the table, the doctor was inquired
for. "I believe," said the servant, who
had seen where he went, "that he has gone
to pay a visit to some of his old patients."

One of the sex writes, rather spicily,
"that though a few American ladies live
in idleness, the majority as yet work them-
selves into early graves—giving the men
an opportunity to try two or three in the
course of their own vigorous lives."

During the May anniversaries in New-
York, the following dialogue was overheard
between two of the new-boys—"I say
Jimmy, what is the meaning of so many
preachers being here all together?"—Why
answered Jim, "they always meets here
once a year to exchange sermons with
each other."

A young Miss in Manchester, New
Hampshire, while skating the other day,
broke through the ice into twelve feet of
water. Her hoop skirt made a wide
ring on the ice, and buoyed her up until
she was rescued.

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Not at all, sir.—"I am very glad to
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Persons sending \$3 will receive a copy
of the Journal and a copy of the Times,
for one year.

Opinions of the Press.
We make the following extracts from
the notices, of the first No. of the N. C.
Journal of Education, in our exchanges:

"The Journal will prove of service to the
State, and we recommend all who are in-
terested in the progress of Education in North
Carolina to subscribe."—Wilmington Herald.

"The cause of Education will form the bur-
den of its efforts. The present number is one
of much promise, and from the number and
character of the Editors, we may look for a
very valuable publication."—Wilmington Commercial.

The Central Presbyterian, published in
Richmond Va., after mentioning a number of
the Board of Editors says:—These names are
a pledge to the public that the Journal will be
conducted with ability, and from their diversi-
fied position over an extensive field they can
the more effectively present their views, ex-
periences, and observations, for the common
benefit of all. The design of the work is im-
maculate. The field, is a large and im-
portant one; and such a work can scarcely
fail to have an auspicious bearing upon the
cause of education not only in North Carolina,
but in other States. And here we may be per-
mitted to remark that very few are aware of
the progress which North Carolina has made
during the last twenty years, in the cause of
education. For ourselves we are not at all
envious of North Carolina, because of
her having first embarked in this enterprise;
but we wish to see good in every noble un-
dertaking, for the enlightenment and elevation
of her people."

We might multiply the extracts, but
our friends have already seen many of
them and we have room for more.

**Cabinet Furniture
AND
COTTAGE BEDSTEADS,
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JOS. STARRS.**

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articles of Cabinet Furniture, kept con-
stantly on hand and for sale cheap by the Man-
ufacturer, Apply at his shop on Greene Street,
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Greensboro, N. C. 227m

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this section of country. They are now receiving
a large addition to their stock of Groceries and
Domestic Dry Goods, consisting of Sugars, Caf-
fees, Molasses, Cheese, Salt, and Liquors of all
kinds, Confectionaries, Fruits preserved and
dried, both in Syrup and Brandy. Also, a large
stock of Domestic Dry Goods, Shirtings, Sheet-
ings, Bleached Domestic, Heavy-dressed Domestics,
Linsies, Kerseys, Jaines, of superior qual-
ity and variety, and a large stock of Calico
prints, Shirts, &c., &c., &c.

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The undersigned would respectfully
inform the citizens of Greensboro and sur-
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as cheap as they can be had in any part of
the country. He invites himself that for work-
manship he will give satisfaction to the most
fastidious. He invites all to give him a call
before purchasing elsewhere.

Feb. 2, 1887. HEINRICH.
(Solely.)

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Crushers.
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